



Telephone



👁 20 ✓ 2 ⭐ 2

Chapter 1 by PuppyLover

Happy days are here

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



The war is over. The president has shaken hands with about every diplomat known to me. Confetti has decorated the White House's floors for about a week now, and the janitors are in no hurry to change that fact.

But as the Vice President, I cannot help but fear. Perhaps we were too quick to celebrate. How to tell that to the once grieving American people, I am not too sure. What is the gentlest way to break the news to widows, mothers, guardians, that their loss was for nothing?

I step into the spaceship, allowing the crossbeams to carry me to the highest floor. As I ascend, the inhabitants nod in my general direction. Some bow. Some smile. One curses, but is quickly silenced by a gunshot.

I need to talk to him.

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

Continue the story

Flag as mature receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(a870788d6ed9b8fd294b7654a8c8526b_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(18065afa4ef6662bca9f3f6088f7de30_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(b985170eefb48b9b3ef593e79310e8f5_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account